

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
WILL. SHENSTONE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
AND A DESCRIPTION OF THE LEASOWES.

Yet while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The list'ning herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naiad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave:
The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand,
And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flow'rs, and every ray
Of each fond Muse with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thoughts his breast inspir'd;
The hills rejoic'd, the vallies rung,
All Nature smil'd while SHENSTONE sung.

VERSES by —.

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L O N D O N :

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SONG. THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

BY the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where mur-
mur'd the rill,

I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smiles of my Fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I
sung, 5

And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my
tongue ;

But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd; 10
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impression she made on my mind.

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew;
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love. 16

SONG. THE ROSE-BUD.

"SEE Daphne! see," Florelia cry'd,
"And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon' shelter'd Rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted when reveal'd!

The sun with warm attractive rays
Tempt's it to wanton in the blaze;
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance flies.

5

SONGS AND BALLADS.

So you, my Fair! of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine
Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
Tho' here more happy, more secure.

The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to beauty's bloom unkind,
As to the Rose an eastern wind."

The nymph reply'd—"You first, my swain!
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms
You of your wit, me of my charms.

What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien?
Or what the Rose's blush unseen?"

SONG. DAPHNE'S VISIT.

YE Birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love;
My Daphne with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye Flow'rs! before her footsteps rise,
Display at once your brightest dyes,
That she your op'ning charms may see,
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
And shed its odours round my bow'r;
Or never more, O gentle Wind!
Shall I from thee refreshment find.

SONGS AND BALLADS.

7

Ye Streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my Fair,
Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.

15

And thou, my Grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

20

S O N G.

Written in a Collection of Bacchanalian Songs.

ADIEU, ye jovial Youths! who join
To plunge Old Care in floods of wine,
And as your dazzled eyeballs roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Nor yet is hope so wholly flown,
Nor yet is thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

5

And see, thro' yonder silent grove,
See, yonder does my Daphne rove!
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid your frantic joys adieu.

10

The sole confusion I admire
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire.
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

16

S O N G.

Imitated from the French.

YES, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
 But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
 In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run,
 In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
 Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove, 5
 So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the
 plains,
 Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
 pains;

How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
 How fair was my nymph! and how fervent my love!
 Be still tho' my heart! thine emotion give o'er! 11
 Remember the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bow'rs!
 Or loiter'd behind and collected the flow'rs!
 Then breathless with ardour my Fair one pursu'd,
 And to think with what kindness my garland she
 view'd! 16

But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er!
 Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

S O N G.

WHEN bright Ophelia treads the green
 In all the pride of dress and mien,
 Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
 The lofty rival of the day,
 Methinks to my enchanted eye
 The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdain'g art, the Fair
Assumes a soft engaging air,
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay,
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smiles the pink and rose.

10

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere.
Pity my wild delusive flame;
For tho' the flow'rs are still the same,
To me they languish or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love."

15

18

S O N G.

WHEN first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how gay!
To see Asteria, queen of May!——
The parsons round her praises sung!
The steeples with her praises rung!——
I thought—no sight that e'er was seen
Could match the sight of Barel's Green.

5

But now, since old Eugenio dy'd—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre;
Their lovely season now is o'er;
Thy notes, Florelia, please no more—
No more Asteria's smiles are seen—
Adieu—the sweets of Barel's Green!—

10

16

THE HALCYON.

WHY o'er the verdant banks of ooze
Does yonder Halcyon speed so fast?
'Tis all because she would not lose
Her fav'rite calm, that will not last.

The sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flow'ry spray,
And, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
'To seek for pleasure, well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

"Descend," she cries, "thou hated show'r,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play?"

You, too, my Silvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll,
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
As thou art Damon's only theme,
He'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder Halcyon skims the stream.

M O R A L P I E C E S.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES

WHILE blooming Spring descends from genial skies,

By whose mild influence instant wonders rise,
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe,
Will Lyttleton the rural landscape range, 5
Leave noisy fame and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enliv'ning pow'r,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flow'r; 10
The drooping flow'r, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites from grateful hands their gen'rous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines! 15

'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife: 15
Then passion riots, reason then contends,
And on the conquest ev'ry bliss depends:
Life from the nice decision takes its hue, 20
And bless'd those judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs shall ev'ry bliss attend,
The world their fav'rite, and the world their friend.

There are who, blind to Thought's fatiguing ray,
As Fortune gives examples urge their way;
Not Virtue's foes, tho' they her paths decline, 25
And scarce her friends, tho' with her friends they join;

In her's or vice's casual road advance,
Thoughtless, the sinners or the faints of Chance!

Yet some more nobly from the vulgar voice, 29
 With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice;
 When ripen'd thought, when reason born to reign,
 Checks the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
 While passion's lawless tides, at their command,
 Glide thro' more useful tracts, and bless the land.

Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
 By learning strengthen'd and by taste refin'd 36
 In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest pow'rs,
 Chose Virtue's paths, and strewed her paths with
 flow'rs,

The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings, 40
 The fittest to adorn each art she brings;
 Lov'd by that prince whom ev'ry virtue fires,
 Bless'd in the tuneful art, the social flame;
 In all that wins, in all that merits, fame!

'Twas youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
 When great Alcides to a grove retir'd: 46
 Thro' the lone windings of a devious glade,
 Resign'd to thought, with ling'ring steps he stray'd,
 Prais'd by that bard whom ev'ry Muse inspires;
 Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys,

Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise, 50
 Dubious he stray'd with wav'ring thoughts posselt,
 Alternate passions struggling shar'd his breast;
 The various arts which human cares divide,
 In deep attention all his mind employ'd;
 Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secur'd, 55
 Or silent Ease with softer charms allur'd.

The silvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
 The fount that murmur'd, and the flow'rs that
 blow'd;

The silver flood that in meanders led
 His glitt'ring streams along th' enliven'd mead: 60
 The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
 Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind;
 In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
 Th' imperial tow'rs of Fame attractive blaz'd.

While thus he trac'd thro' Fancy's puzzling maze
 The sep'rate sweets of pleasure and of praise, 66
 Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
 And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade :
 At once before his wond'ring eyes were seen
 Two female forms, of more than mortal mein, 70
 Various their charms, and in their dress and face
 Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
 This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
 The simple sweets of innocence endear'd :
 Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye, 75
 Shew'd native merit mix'd with modesty :
 Her air diffus'd a mild yet awful ray,
 Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
 Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
 In artless folds of virgin white array'd. 80
 She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
 Her blushing cheeks, that sham'd the purple morn :
 Her charms nor had nor wanted artful foils,
 Or study'd gestures, or well-practis'd smiles ;
 She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less ; 85
 She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress ;
 And while she chose in native charms to shine,
 Ev'n thus she seem'd, nay, more than seem'd,
 divine.
 One modest em'rald clasp'd the robe she wore,
 And in her hand th' imperial sword she bore. 90
 Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
 And match'd the awful honours of her face.
 The shrubs, the flow'rs, that deck'd the verdant
 ground,
 Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd,
 Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd ;
 She pleas'd while distant, but when near she charm'd.
 So strikes the gazer's eye the silver gleam
 That, glitt'ring, quivers o'er a distant stream ;
 But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
 And in it its crystal bosom trace the skies. 100

With other charms the rival vision glow'd,
 And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
 A flutt'ring robe her pamp'ring shape conceal'd,
 And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd:
 Its form contriv'd her faulty size to grace, 105
 Its hue to give fresh lustre to her face.
 Her plaited hair, disguis'd, with brilliants glar'd;
 Her cheeks the ruby's neighb'ring lustre shar'd;
 The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
 And ev'ry gem that strikes less curious eyes; 110
 Expos'd her breast, with foreign sweets perfum'd,
 And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
 Soft smiling, blushing, lips conceal'd her wiles,
 Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
 Oft' gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair 115
 Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care;
 Her thoughts, to others' charms malignly blind,
 Centred in that, and were to that confin'd;
 And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
 'Twas but to watch the influence of her own: 120
 Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
 When for her warrior she refines her mien:
 Or when, to bless her Delian fav'rite's arms,
 The radiant fair invigorates her charms:
 Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame, 125
 Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
 When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
 And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
 Such thone the vision, nor ferebore to move
 The fond contagious airs of lawless love; 130
 Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
 And am'rous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
 Lifeless her gait, and slow; with seeming pain,
 She dragg'd her loit'ring limbs along the plain,
 Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd
 the swain. 135
 So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
 Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight;

More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's
care.

Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid: 141
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd:
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she, who first approach'd him, first began:
" Hither, dear Boy! direct thy wand'ring eyes;
'Tis here the lovely Vale of Pleasure lies:
Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
Each sweet which Nature can diffuse is mine:
For me the nymph diversifies her pow'r, 150
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flow'r;
To please my ear she tunes the linnet's strains;
To please my eye with lilies paints the plains;
To form my couch in mossy beds she grows;
To gratify my smell perfumes the rose; 155
Reveals the fair, the fertile, scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world for me.
Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few; [prize;
Where chance from Courage claims the boasted
Where, tho' she give, your country oft' denies. 161
Industrious thou shall Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign;
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure. 165
Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes:
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear; 169
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shall rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest;
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains;

Whilst with each accent sweetest odours flow,
 And spicy gums round ev'ry bosom glow. 175
 Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire
 Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.

At Sloth let Wars victorious sons exclaim,
 In vain ! for Pleasure is my real name :
 Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown ; 180
 No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own ;
 For well each op'ning scene that claims my care
 Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.

“ Let others prune the vine ; the genial bowl
 Shall crown thy table and enlarge thy soul. 185
 Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
 So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
 Indulgent Bacchus loads his lab'ring tree,
 And, guarding, gives its clust'ring sweets to me.
 For my lov'd train Apollo's piercing beam 190
 Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
 See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
 Nor slight these gods, their blessings unenjoy'd.
 For thee the poplar shall its amber drain ;
 For thee in clouded beauty spring the cane ; 195
 Some costly tribute ev'ry clime shall pay,
 Some charming treasure ev'ry wind convey ;
 Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield,
 Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field :
 Of Corinth's Order shall the structure rise, 200
 The spiring turrets glitter thro' the skies ;
 Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays,
 Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze ;
 Yet thou, whatever pomp the sun display,
 Shall own the am'rous night exceeds the day. 205

When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres,
 Wake the gay loves, and cite the young Desires :
 Or in th' Ionian dance some fav'rite maid
 Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd ;
 Think, can'st thou quit a glowing Delia's arms, 210
 To feed on Virtue's visionary charms !

Or flight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
To find dull envy ev'n that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?

“O! think that beauty waits on thy decree, 216
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me,
She whose soft smile or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love; 219
In whose endearments years like moments flew;
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime
And tread with her the flow'ry tracts of time,
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover or insulting foe, 225

Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell,
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes! 229

“See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmine screens the sleeping maid,
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove
Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love!
Their busy toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy lab'ring brain, 235
Or none but what with equal sweets invite,
Nor other arts but to prolong delight.

Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring:
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien; 240
To shew where best the clust'ring gems are seen;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse,
Nor think the Sisters will their aid refuse: 245
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure, suit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wise and all the grave decree
Some of that sacred train ally'd to me.

" But if more specious ease thy wishes claim, 250
 And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
 Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
 And learning's name a solemn sound diffuse.
 To thee all Nature's curious stores I'll bring,
 Explain the beauties of an insect's wing; 255
 The plant which Nature, less diffusely kind,
 Has to few climes with partial care confin'd;
 The shell she scatters with more careless air,
 And in her frolics seems supremely fair;
 The worth that dazzles in the tulip's strains, 260
 Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.

" Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms,
 Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms,
 Ere anxious thought thy dear repose assail,
 Or care, my most destructive foe, prevail. 265
 The wat'ry nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
 And gentle zephyrs harmonize their gales,
 For thy repose inform, with rival joy,
 Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
 Thus shall thou spend the sweetly-flowing day, 270
 'Till, lost in bliss, thou breathe thy soul away;
 'Till she t' Elysian bow'rs of joy repair,
 Nor find my charming scenes exceeded there."

She ceas'd; and on a lily'd bank reclin'd, 275
 Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind;
 One tender hand her drooping head sustains,
 One points, expressive, to the flow'ry plains.
 Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll
 Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul;
 As when Favonius joins the solar blaze, 280
 And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
 Soon to his breast the soft harangue convey'd
 Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
 He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame,
 Yet sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame, 285
 And oft' as Virtue caught his wand'ring eye,
 A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh,

'Twas such the ling'ring Trojan's shame betray'd,
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd;
When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance
prove 290

For the soft reign of Dido and of love.

Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires,
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!

Some hov'ring doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.

"Fly, fly, fond Youth! the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd. 297

Tho' in my path the rugged thorn be seen,

And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;

Tho' no gay rose or flow'ry product shine, 300

The barren surface still conceals the mine.

Each thorn that threatens, ev'n the weed that
grows

In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—

Yet should those boasted specious toys allure, 304

Whence could fond Sloth the flatt'ring gifts procure?

The various wealth that damps thy fond desire,

'Tis I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.

I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store;

I thro' each region latent gems explore:

'Twas I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd, 310

By num'rous strata deep in earth conceal'd;

'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show

The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow;

Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree,

Without the firm supports of industry. 315

"But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,

The mossy grotto and the flow'ry lawn;

Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,

And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;

Let gay Pomona slight the plains around, 320

And chuse, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;

To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,

Nor mossy grots nor flow'ry lawns could please,

Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale. 325

" See'st thou yon' rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture
drains,

And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil, 330
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile:
The form thou view'st to ev'ry scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and ev'ry scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
And the lone wand'rer with my presence cheer'd,
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd, 336
And call'd that desert blissful Solitude!

Nor I alone to such extend my care,
Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there;
Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns, 340
And with reflected lustre gild the plains:
With her, in flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside;
One ready off'ring suits each neighb'ring shrine,
And all obey their laws who practise mine. 345

" But Health averse, from Sloth's smooth region
flies,

And in her absence Pleasure droops and dies;
Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes:
A galaxy of pow'rs! whose forms appear 350
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.

" Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.

Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain! 355
Where she, relentless, reigns without control,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul;
Unmov'd tho' Beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms;

Till joyless indolence suggests desires, 360
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires;
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay;
As artful heats, apply'd to thirsty lands,
Produce no flow'rs, and but debase the sands. 365

But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart;
How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art!
'Tis she the fountain's ready draught commands,
And smooth the flinty couch which Fortune lends?
And when my hero from his toils retires, 370
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame,
His sweetest music is the voice of Fame; 375
Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.

See Fame's gay structure from yon' summit charms,
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms;
Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise 380
From grov'ling vales to tow'rs which reach the skies.

Love, fame, esteem, 'tis labour must acquire,
The smiling offspring of a rigid fire!
To fix the friend your service must be shown;
All ere they lov'd your merit lov'd their own. 385
That wond'ring Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 'tis toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view 390
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.

'Twas slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke or bravely fought:
'Twas she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind. 395
Not the vain visions of inactive schools,
Not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,

E'er form'd the man whose gen'rous warmth extends
T' enrich his country or to serve his friends.

On active worth the laurel War bestows; 400

Peace rears her olive for industrious brows;

Nor earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies,

Nor heav'n its show'rs, without a sacrifice.

" See, far below such grov'ling scenes of shame

As lull to rest Ignavia's slumb'ring dame : 405

Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,

Alas! inglorious, greater toils endure;

Doom'd all to mourn who in her cause engage,

A youth enervate, and a painful age;

A sickly sapless mass if Reason flies, 410

And if she linger impotently wise!

A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek and gay,

Invite old age, and revel youth away;

From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,

And idly place it where they least can bear; 415

When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,

What kind reflection shall the mind supply?

When with lost health, what should the loss allay,

Peace, peace is lost; a comfortless decay!

But to my friends when youth, when pleasure, flies,

And earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes, 421

Thro' death's dark vista flow'ry tracts are seen,

Elysian plains, and groves for ever green:

If o'er their lives a resluent glance they cast,

Their's is the present who can praise the past: 425

Life has its bliss for these when past its bloom,

As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.

" Serene, and safe from passion's stormy rage,

How calm they glide into the port of Age!

Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd; 430

More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd:

For health on age 'tis temp'rance must bestow,

And peace from piety alone can flow;

And all the incense bounteous Jove requires

Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires. 435

" Sloth views the tow'rs of Fame with envious
Desirous still, still impotent to rise. [eyes,
Oft', when resolv'd to gain those blisful tow'rs,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees, 440
Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze;
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.

Thus some fond insect's salt'ring pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its fav'rite sweets, a lasting slave; 445
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory and the slave of ease,
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes and languish after mine. 449

" But shun her snares! nor let the world exclaim
Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd;
Let gen'rous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise. 455
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall gen'rous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound,
'Till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom, 460
And raise a temple where is found a tomb. [join,

" Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine:
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire. 465
Dulness, perhaps, thro' want of sight, may blame,
And Spleen, with odious industry, defame;
And that the honours giv'n with wonder view,
And this in secret sadness own them due.
Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd 470
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none but who deserve can bear,
While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair:

For know, the gen'rous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine ev'ry friend it suits thee to require; 475
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,
Lov'd by the good, their images below."

"Cease, lovely Maid! fair daughter of the Skies!
My guide! my queen!" th' ecstatic youth replies:
"In thee I trace a form design'd for sway, 480
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride
obey;

And by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.

Lead me, O lead me! where whole host of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose. 485
Welcome all toils th' unequal Fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land;
'To see the monster's noxious life resign'd, 490
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none but Envy riot unsubdu'd.

In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell! 495
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of Virtue than the fools;
Yet such in vain thy fav'ring smiles pretend,
For he is thine who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life, well-spent, the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy; 500
When, strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devout my choicer vows to thine;

If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy fav'rite thro' the gates of Fame!" 505

He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more.

Convinc'd her spurious charms of dress and face
 Claim'd a quick conquest or a sure disgrace.
 Fantastic Pow'r ! whose transient charms allur'd,
 While Error's mist the reas'ning mind obscur'd ;
 Not such the vict'refs, Virtue's constant queen,
 Endur'd the test of truth, and dar'd be seen ; 515
 Her bright'ning form and features seem'd to own
 'Twas all her wish, her int'rest, to be known ;
 And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
 Left a full image of her charms behind.

Thus reigns the moon, with furtive splendour
 crown'd, 520
 While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround ;
 But let the source of light its beams display,
 Languid and faint the mimic flames decay, }
 And all the sick'ning splendour fades away. 524 }

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE:

OR, THE FATE OF DELICACY.

A poem on the temper and studies of the Author;
and how great a misfortune it is for a man of
small estate to have much taste.

PART THE FIRST.

PERHAPS some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my penfive lay.
"The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean fail;
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are, like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes,
And weakest his who best descries!"

Yet let me not my birthright barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted;
Tho' few e'er found their wishes granted;
Extensive field! where poets pride them
In singing all that is deny'd them.)

For humble ease, ye Pow'rs! I pray;
That plain warm suit for ev'ry day,
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow,
To flaunt it once a month, or so,
The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye Pow'rs! for ever grant;
But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.

Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes request
A friend of wit and taste, well dress'd;

And if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however.

30

Alas! that Wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons,
Whose nervous forces, well combin'd,
Would win the field, and sway mankind.
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;

35

The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attracts whole flights of fops and beaux,
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight, caress, and own him;
But ill-starr'd Sense, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tiptoe thro' the crowd;

40

Conveys his meagre form between,
And slides, like pervious air, unseen;
Contracts his known tenuity,

45

As tho' 'twere ev'n a crime to be;
Nor ev'n permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.

In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there,
'Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,

50

Still seeming from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly:

Yet while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,

55

The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd

His tawdry stock of painted paste.

Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill,

Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill,

60

His pensive manner dulness deem'd,

His modesty reserve esteem'd;

His wit unknown, his learning vain,

He wins not one of all the train:

And those who, mutually known,

65

In friendship's fairest list had shone,

Less prone than pebbles to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight,
Grow savage, quit their social nature,
And starve to study mutual satire.

70

But friends and fav'rites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas, between them;
Meet once a-year, then part, and then
Retiring, wish to meet again.

Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side;
At hand, where'er I shape my course,
And useful, pliant, stalking-horse.

75

No gesture free from some grimace,
No seam without its share of lace,
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What tho' Vandyck had other rules;
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting but his mind;
Before a folitaire, behind
A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which Nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere,
His wisdom's slender wealth to share!
And whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.

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This form attracting ev'ry eye,
I stroll all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of ev'ry kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies
And pestilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the Templar's random wit;
Or, what some gentler cit lets fall,
As woolpacks quash the leaden ball.

95

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Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking horse. 105

O let me wander all unseen
Beneath the sanction of his mien!
As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as airpumps drain'd of air! 110
With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the Park * ;

Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies, flocking there to feed;
And as my satire bursts amain, 115
See feather'd fopp'ry strew the plain.

But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane. 120

Oft' may some polish'd virtuous friend
To these soft-winding vales descend,
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings;
And check me when my bosom burns 125

For statues, paintings, coins, and urns :
For I in Damon's pray'r could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd ! the wish, the pray'r,
Are driv'n to mix with common air. 130

* St James's.

PART THE SECOND.

HOW happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic schemes were not,
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes
To plan frail castles in the skies!
Forfaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.

Ah! happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore.

Oh days! when to a girdle ty'd
The couples jingled at his side,
And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportsman's girdle for a garter.

Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their pow'r,
Pure social Nature all his guide,
"Damon had not a grain of pride."

He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which Knav'ry plans, and Craft prepares,
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
And win their universal smiles;
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?

He wink'd at many a gross design
The new-fall'n calf might countermine:
Thus ev'ry fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes; Damon had a gen'rous spirit."

A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile;
That coxcomb ne'er deny'd him sense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.

When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;

M O R A L P I E C E S .

31

Obnoxious to the mad uproar,
A spy upon a hostile shore!

35

'Twas this his company endear'd;
Mirth never came till he appear'd.
His lodgings—ev'ry draw'r could show 'em;
The slave was kick'd who did not know 'em;

40

Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please,
Defy'd the world, like idle Colley,
To shew a softer word than folly.
Since Wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone,
He chose to trust in Folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.

45

At length grave Learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain;
The sons of Taste condemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze,
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.

50

Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit,
And ev'ry kind well-natur'd sot,
Seem'd a dull play without a plot,
Where ev'ry yawning guest agrees
The willing creature strives to please:
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse;

55

'Twas true, conversing they averr'd
All they had seen, or felt, or heard;
Talents of weight! for wights like these
The law might chuse for witnesses;
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.

60

65

What were their freedoms *? mere excuses
To vent ill manners, blows, and bruises.

70

* Boisterous mirth.

Yet freedom, gallant freedom ! hailing,
 At form, at form, incessant railing,
 Would they examine each offence,
 Its latent cause, its known pretence,
 Punctilio ne'er was known to breed 'em,
 So sure as fond prolific freedom.

Their courage? but a loaded gun,
 Machine the wise would wish to shun,
 Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
 Where accident might fire and kill one.

In short, disgusted out of measure,
 Thro' much contempt and slender pleasure,
 His sense of dignity returns;
 With native pride his bosom burns;
 He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
 Wit, social mirth, could ne'er obtain it;
 And laughter where it reigns uncheck'd,
 Discards and dissipates respect:
 The man who gravely bows enjoys it,
 But shaking hands at once destroys it:
 Precarious plant! which, fresh and gay,
 Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!

Come then, Reserve! yet from thy train
 Banish Contempt and curs'd Disdain.
 Teach me, he cry'd, thy magic art,
 To act the decent distant part;
 To husband well my complaisance,
 Nor let ev'n Wit too far advance;
 But chuse calm Reason for my theme,
 In these her royal realms supreme,
 And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
 Be still a graceful umbrage thrown,
 And each abrupter period crown'd
 With nods, and winks, and smiles, profound,
 Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
 No more with pain to move or breathe,
 I rise with head elate, to share
 Sulubrious draughts of purer air.

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Respect is won by grave pretence
And silence, surer ev'n than sense— 110

'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
Of Eastern—and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to virtue due,
While Virtue's distant as Peru?

The sheathless sword the guard displays, 115
Which round emits its dazzling rays ;

The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body than controls,
And wards contempt from royal souls. 120

The crowns they wear but check the eye
Before it fondly pierce too nigh,
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of—the void.

O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound 125
To scatter his amusements round,

To tempt us from their conscious breast,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest ;
Nor awes us ev'ry worth reveal'd,
So deeply as each vice conceal'd. 130

The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted Wit's assistance ;
Nay—had addres'des from his nation,
In praise of log-administration. 136

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

THE buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
 And fame and finery pleas'd no more,
 Productive of that gen'ral stare,
 Which cool reflection ill can bear,
 And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
 Retirement sent its invitation.

Romantic scenes of pendent hills,
 And verdant vales and falling rills,
 And mossy banks the fields adorn,
 Where Damon, simple swain! was born.

The Dryads rear'd a shady grove,
 Where such as think, and such as love,
 May safely sigh their summer's day,
 Or muse their silent hours away.

The Oreads lik'd the climate well,
 And taught the level plain to swell
 In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
 Might all their larger works descry.

The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
 From nodding rocks o'er vales profound;
 They form'd their streams to please the view,
 And bade them wind as serpents do,
 And having shewn them where to stray,
 Threw little pebbles in their way.

These Fancy, all-sagacious maid!
 Had at their several tasks survey'd:
 She saw and smil'd; and oft' would lead
 Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead,
 There, with descriptive finger, trace
 The genuine beauties of the place,
 And when she all its charms had shown,
 Prescribe improvements of her own.

“ See yonder hill, so green, so round,
 Its brow with ambient beeches crow'd!

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'Twould well become thy gentle care
 To raise a dome to Venus there ; 36
 Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey,
 And Venus in their arms repay.
 'Twas such a shade and such a nook,
 In such a vale, near such a brook, 40
 From such a rocky fragment springing,
 That fam'd Apollo chose to sing in ;
 There let an altar wrought with art
 Engage thy tuneful patron's heart :
 How charming there to muse and warble 45
 Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
 With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
 That crown a poet's vast desire :
 Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
 Where Music's charming Maids * may dwell, 50
 Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
 And make the many' an assignation.
 Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
 Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat ;
 There let her awful turrets rise, 55
 (For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes)
 There her calm dictates shalt thou hear
 Distinctly strike thy list'ning ear ;
 And who would shun the pleasant labour,
 To have Minerva for his neighbour ?" 60
 In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
 Its truth was little call'd in question ;
 And Damon dream'd he saw the Fauns
 And Nymphs distinctly skim the lawns ;
 Now trac'd amid the trees, and then 65
 Lost in the circling shades again,
 With leer oblique their lover viewing—
 And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
 " Fancy, enchanting Fair !" he cry'd,
 " Be thou my goddess, thou my guide ; 70

* The Muses.

For thy bright visions I despise
 What foes may think or friends advise.
 The feign'd concern, when folks survey
 Expense, time, study, cast away;
 The real spleen with which they see;
 I please myself and follw thee,"

Thus glow'd his breast, by Fancy warm'd,
 And thus the fairy landscape charm'd:
 But most be hop'd his constant care
 Might win the favour of the fair;
 And wand'rign late thro' yonder glade,
 He thus the soft design betray'd.

"Ye Doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
 With melting lays salute my love!
 My Delia with your notes detain,
 Or I have rear'd the grove in vain.
 Ye Flow'rs? which early spring supplies,
 Display at once your brightest dyes,
 That she your op'ning charms may see,
 Or what were else your charms to me?
 Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flow'r,
 And shed its odours round my bow'r,
 Or ne'er again, O gentle Wind!
 Shall I in thee refreshment find.

Ye Streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
 If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
 May each soft murmur sooth my fair,
 Or, oh! 'twill deepen my despair.
 Be sure, ye Willows! you be seen
 Array'd in liveliest robes of green,
 Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
 And let them fade around my brows.
 And thou, my Grott! whose lonely bounds
 The melancholy pine surrounds,
 May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
 Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd,
 Loud laugh'd the squires, the rabble star'd.

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" See, Neighbours! what our Damon's doing;
I think some folks are fond of ruin! 110

I saw his sheep at random stray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds such huts as, in foul weather,
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

Whence came the sober swain misled? 115

Why, Phœbus put it in his head:
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tuns of gold.

'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
I think he'll never touch a grain on't. 120

And if from Phœbus and his Muse
Mere earthly laziness ensues,

'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
The dev'l inspires as well as they, 125

So they—while fools of grosser kind,
Less weeting what our bard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil,

That in these haunts he met the devil

He own'd, tho' their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain; 130

For dulness—tho' he might abhor it,
In them he made allowance for it;

Nor wonder'd, if beholding mottoes,
And urns, and domes, and cells and grottoes,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muses, 135

Were plagu'd to guess their proper uses.

But did the Muses haunt his cell?

Or in his dome did Venus dwell?

Did Pallas in his counsels share?

The Delian god reward his pray'r? 140 }

Or did his zeal engage the fair?

When all the structure shone complete,
Not much convenient, wondrous neat,
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;

145

Ah, me ! ('twas Damon's own confession)
Came Poverty and took possession.

147

P A R T T H E F O U R T H.

WHY droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Thro' ornamented meads and groves?

Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which ev'ry critic eye admires ?

'Tis Poverty, detested maid !

Sole tenant of their ample shade ;

'Tis she that robs him of his ease,

And bids their very charms displease.

But now, by Fancy long controll'd,

And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,

He deem'd it shameful to commence

First minister to Common-sense ;

Far more elated to pursue

The lowest talk of dear vertu.

And now behold his lofty soul,

That whilome flew from pole to pole,

Settle on some elab'rate flow'r,

And, like a bee, the sweets devour !

Now of a rose enamour'd, prove

The wild solitudes of love !

Now in a lily's cup enshrin'd,

Forego the commerce of mankind !

As in these toils he wore away

The calm remainder of his day,

Conducting sun, and shade, and show'r,

As, most might glad the new-born flow'r,

So Fate ordain'd—before his eye—

Starts up the long-sought butterfly,

While flutt'ring round her plumes unfold

Celestial crimson dropp'd with gold.

Adieu, ye bands of flow'rets fair !

The living beauty claims his care :

For this he strips—nor bolt nor chain

Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.

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M O R A L P I E C E S.

7 See him o'er hill, morafs, or mound, 39
 Where'er the fpeckled game is found, 35
 Tho' bent with age, with zeal purfue,
 And totter tow' rds the prey in view.
 Nor rock nor fream his fteps retard,
 Intent upon the bleft reward ! 40
 One vaffal fly repay the chafe !
 A wing, a film, rewards the race !
 5 Rewards him, tho' difeafe attend,
 And in a fatal furfeit end.
 So fierce Camilla fkim'd the plain, 45
 Smit with the purple's pleafing ftrain :
 She ey'd intent the glitt'ring ftranger,
 0 And knew, alas ! nor fear nor danger,
 Till deep within her panting heart
 Malicious Fate impell'd the dart. 50
 How ftudious he what fav'rite food
 Regales Dame Nature's tiny brood !
 5 What junkets fat the filmy people !
 And what liqueurs they chufe to tipple !
 Behold him, at fome crife, prefcribe, 55
 And raife with drugs the fick'ning tribe !
 Or haply when their fpirits faulter,
 20 fprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
 When Nature's brood of infects dies,
 See how he pimps for am'rous flies ! 60
 See him the timely fuccour lend her.
 And help the wantons to engender !
 25 Or fee him guard their pregnant hour,
 Exert his foft obftetric pow'r,
 And, lending each his lenient hand, 65
 With new born grubs enrich the land !
 O Wilks* ! what poet's loftieft lays
 30 Can match thy labours and thy praife ?

* Alluding to moths and butterflies, delineated
 by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expenfive pro-
 pofals.

Immortal Sage ! by Fate decreed
 To guard the moth's industrious breed !
 Till flutt'ring swarms on swarms arise,
 And all our wardrobes teem with flies !

And must we praise this taste for toys ?
 Admire it then in girls and boys.
 Ye youths of fifteen years, or more !
 Relinquish your moths—the season's o'er :
 'Tis time more social joys to prove ;
 'Twere now your nobler task—to love.
 Let * * * 's eyes more deeply warm,
 Nor slighting Nature's fairest form,
 The bias of your souls determine
 Tow'rd's the mean love of Nature's vermine.

But, ah : how wondrous few have known
 To give each stage of life its own.

'Tis the pretexta's utmost bound,
 With radiant purple edg'd around,
 To please the child, whose glowing dyes
 Too long delight maturer eyes !
 And few but with regret, assume
 The plain-wrought labours of the loom.
 Ah ! let not me by fancy steer,
 When life's autumnal clouds appear ;
 Nor ev'n in learning's long delays
 Consume my fairest, fruitless days ;
 Like him who should in armour spend
 The fums that armour should defend.

A while in Pleasure's myrtle bow'r
 We share her smiles and bless her pow'r,
 But find at last we vainly strive
 To fix the worst coquette alive.
 O you ! that with assiduous flame
 Have long pursu'd the faithless dame,
 Forsake her soft abodes a while,
 And dare her frown, and slight her smile ;
 Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
 The footpath road, the king's highway :

70

75

80

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100

105

No more the scrup'lous charmer teaze,
 But seek the roofs of honest Ease;
 The rival fair, no more pursu'd,
 Shall there with forward pace intrude;
 Shall there her ev'ry art essay,
 To win you to her slighted sway,
 And grant your scorn a glance more fair
 Than e'er she gave your fondest pray'r.

110

But would you happiness pursue?
 Partake both ease and pleasure too?

115

Would you, thro' all your days, dispense
 The joys of reason and of sense?
 Or give to life the most you can?
 Let social virtue shape the plan:

120

For does not to the virtuous deed
 A train of pleasing sweets succeed?
 Or like the sweets of wild desire,
 Did social pleasures ever tire?

125

Yet midst the group be some prefer'd,
 Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd;
 And such there are —of fair address—
 As 'twere unsocial to caress.

130

O learn by Reason's equal rule
 To shun the praise of knave or fool;
 Then tho' you deem it better still
 To gain some rustic 'squire's good will,
 And souls, however mean or vile,
 Like features, brighten by a smile,
 Yet Reason holds it for a crime

135

The trivial breast should share thy time;
 And Virtue with reluctant eyes
 Beholds this human sacrifice!

140

Thro' deep reserve and air erect,
 Mistaken Damon won respect,
 But could the specious homage pass
 With any creature but an ass?
 If conscious, they who fear'd the skin
 Would scorn the sluggish brute within.

What awe-struck slaves the tow'rs enclose
Where Persian monarchs eat and doze !

What prostrate rev'rence all agree
To pay a prince they never see !

Mere vassals of a royal throne ;
The Sophi's virtues must be shown
To make the reverence his own.

As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion ?—take her :
She will with duteous care attend,

And all thy penfive hours befriend ;
Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain,
With thee rejoice, with thee complain ;
Will smooth thy pillow, plait thy bow'rs,
And bind thine aching head with flow'rs,
But be this previous maxim known—

If thou canst feed on love alone,
If, bless'd with her, thou canst sustain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain ;
If so—then rise all her graces—
And fruitful be your fond embraces !

Too soon by caittiff-spleen inspir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd,
The path disclaim'd by sober reason ;
Retirement claims a later season,
Ere active youth and warm desires
Have quite withdrawn their ling'ring fires.
With the warm bosom ill agree
Or limpid stream or shady tree ;
Love lurks within the rosy bow'r,
And claims the speculative hour ;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat ;
Ev'n social Friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere.
Does he resist their genuine force ?
His temper takes some froward course,

14 } 'Till passion, misdirected, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!
For happiness he whose early days,
Spent in the social paths of praise,
50 } Leave fairly printed on his mind
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund the mem'ry draws
The lasting meed of self-applause.

185

Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people the sequester'd shade:
15 } Such are the Nais, Nymphs, and Fauns,
That haunt his floods or cheer his lawns:
If, where his devious ramble strays,
He Virtue's radiant form surveys,
16 } She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe*?
To shew him her remote abode,
To point the rocky arduous road;
But from each flower his fields allow
17 } She twines a garland for his brow.

190

195

201

* Alluding to—The allegory in Cebe's Tablet:

E C O N O M Y,

A RHAPSODY, ADDRESSED TO YOUNG POETS.

Infanis; omnes gelidis quicunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nafones, Virgilioſque vides. MART.

IMITATION.

—Thou know'ſt not what thou ſay'ſt;
In garments that ſcarce fence them from the
cold
Our Ovids and our Virgils you behold.

PART THE FIRST.

TO you, ye Bards! whoſe laſhiv breafſt requires
This monitory lay, the ſtrains belong;
Nor think ſome miſer vents his ſapient ſaw,
Or ſome dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profuſion, ſings; while friendly Zeal,
To guard from fatal illſ the tribe he loves,
Inſpires the meanefſt of the Muſe's train!
Like you I loathe the grov'lling progeny,
Whoſe wily arts, by creeping time matur'd,
Advance them high on Pow'r's tyrannic throne,
To lord it there in gorgeous uſeleſſneſſ,
And ſpurn ſucceſſleſſ Worth that pines below!

See the rich churl, amid the ſocial ſons
Of wine and wit regaling! hark, he joins
In the free jeſt delighted! ſeems to ſhew
A meliorated heart! he laughs, he ſings.
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems, ſet agape the board,
Like Demea*, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of ſoul,

* In Terence's Adelphi.

Till Micio wonder; or in Shakespeare's line,
Obstrep'rous Silence*, drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff and his mad compeers.

He owns 'tis prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow, to let his purse 25
Ope to a fixpence's diameter.

He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasance, and deserve regard.
True, we are dainty good society,
But what art thou? Alas! consider well, 30

Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself:
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp
Breath'd thro' the pores of earth from Stygian
caves,

Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we,
Its flamens, boast to guard; we know not how, 35
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires.

True, thou seem'st chang'd; all fainted, all
ensky'd:

The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind: 40
But all is false! an intermitting sigh [smiles,
Condemns each hour, each moment, giv'n to
And deems those only lost thou dost not lose.

Ev'n for a demi-groat this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast, 45
Revibrates quick, and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls

Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou Caitiff! fly;
Touch not my gla'ss, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster ingrate! beneath one common sky, 50
Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common
roof

Thou ne'er shall harbour, nor my little boat

* Justice Silence, in Shakespear's *Henry IV.* 2d
part.

Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
 Go to thy bags, thou Recreant! hourly go,
 And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth, 5
 Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
 Admit thy presence! not a soul that glows
 With social purport, bid, or ev'n or morn,
 Invest thee happy! but when life declines, 6
 May thy sure heirs stand titt'ring round thy bed,
 And, ush'ring in their fav'rites, burst thy locks,
 And fill their laps with gold, till Want and Care
 With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."

Ah! never, never may th' harmonious mind
 Endure the wordly! Poets, ever void 6
 Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
 And spurn the miser, spurn his deity,
 Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
 The rival scale of int'rest kicks the beam,
 Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store 7
 The fordid soul, with self-applause, remarks
 The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
 And hies with impious haste to spread the snare.
 Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
 Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn: 7
 We loathe with justice; but, alas! the pain
 To bow the knee before this calf of gold,
 Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

But 'tis not Gomez, 'tis not he whose heart
 Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind 8
 Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse
 Intensely loathes. 'Tis sure no equal task
 To pardon him who lavishes his wealth
 On racer, fox-hound, hawk, or spaniel, all
 But human merit; who with gold essays 8
 All but the noblest pleasure, to remove
 The wants of Genius, and its smiles enjoy.

But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
 Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame,
 Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay, 9

Permit him not in distant solitudes
 To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
 Of active youth; then Virtue pants for praise.
 That season unadorn'd, the careless bard 94
 Quits your worn threshold, and, like honest Gay,
 Contems the niggard boon ye time so ill.
 Your favours then, like trophies giv'n the tomb,
 Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
 Or scorns perceiv'd, and execrates the smile
 Which bade his vig'rous bloom, to treach'rous
 hopes 100

And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—

Two lawless pow'rs, engag'd by mutual hate
 In endless war, beneath their flags enrol
 The vassal world: this Avarice is nam'd,
 That Luxury: 'tis true their partial friends 105
 Assign them softer names; usurpers both!
 That share by dint of arms the legal throne
 Of just Economy; yet both betray'd
 By fraudulent ministers. The niggard chief
 List'ning to want, all faithless, and prepar'd 110
 To join each moment in his rival's train,
 His conduct models by the needless fears
 The slave inspires, while Luxury, a chief
 Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns
 His whole campaign. 'Tis Plenty's flatt'ring
 sounds 115

Engross his ear; 'tis Plenty's smiling form
 Moves still before his eye. Discretion strives,
 But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
 The perjurd minion: he, secure of trust,
 With latent malice to the hostile camp 120
 Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth con-
 veys.

Ye tow'ring minds! ye sublimated souls!
 Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
 Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
 Than fops take snuff! whose economic care 125

Your green silk purse engrosses ! easy, pleas'd,
 To see gold sparkle thro' the subtle folds,
 Lovely as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
 Amid the verd'rous grove ! who fondly hope
 Spontaneous harvests ! harvests all the year ! 130
 Who scatter wealth, as thro' the radiant crop
 Glitter'd on ev'ry bough ; and ev'ry bough,
 Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
 Were by a splendid successor supply'd
 Instant, spontaneous ! listen to my lays ; 135
 For 'tis not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
 Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
 The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
 Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
 Clenches their coin, and what electal fire 140
 Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow ?
 'Tis genius, fancy, that to wild expense
 Of health, of treasure, stimulates the soul :
 These with officious care and fatal art
 Improve the vinous flavour ; these the smile 145
 Of Cloe soften ; these the glare of dress
 Illume, the glitt'ring chariot gild anew,
 And add strange wisdom to the furs of Pow'r.
 Alas ! that he, amid the race of men,
 That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
 Should with unsated appetite demand, 151
 And vainly court the pleasure it procures !
 When Fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
 To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
 Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose 155
 Its fatal tension ? in what lonely vale
 Of balmy Med'cine's various field aspires
 The bless'd refrigerant ? Vain, ah ! vain the hope
 Of future peace, this orgasm uncontroll'd !
 Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind 160
 Requires ; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
 A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
 Incessant rapture ; life a tedious load

Deny'd its continuity of joy.

But whence obtain? philosophy requires 165

No lavish cost; to crown its utmost pray'r

Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,

The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.

Ev'n mild Stupidity rewards her train 169

With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires

Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours

Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud

For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,

Rivers of rich regalement, seas of bliss,

Seas without shore! infinity of sweets! 175

And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand

In Pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:

And yet, unless Economy's consent

Legitimate expense, some graceless mark, 179

Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,

Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide

Of acid blood, proclaiming Want's disease

Amidst the bloom of shew. The scanty stream,

Slow-loit'ring in its channel, seems to vie 184

With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy pow'r,

Vain-glorious, empty his penurious urn

O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams

Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!

I not aspire to mark the dubious path

That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!

But ere self-flatt'ry sooth the vivid breast

With dreams of fortune near ally'd to fame,

Reflect how few who charm'd the list'ning ear

Of satrap or of king her smiles enjoy'd!

Consider well what meagre alms repay'd 195

The great Mæonian! fire of tuneful song,

And prototype of all that soar'd sublime

And lest dull cares below; what griefs impell'd

The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign

To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream, 200

And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,

To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
 Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse,
 Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme?
 Which of your boasted race might hope reward 205
 Like loyal Butler, when the lib'ral Charles,
 The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,
 Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not hope,
 The poet's parasite; but learn alone
 To spare the scanty boon the Fates decree. 210
 Poet and rich! 'tis solecism extreme!
 'Tis heighten'd contradiction? in his frame,
 In ev'ry nerve and fibre of his soul,
 The latent seeds and principles of want
 Has Nature wove, and Fate confirm'd the clue. 215
 Nor yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
 Of Penury, with nice precision learn
 A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
 That marks th' expense of each revolving year
 Place inattention. When the lust of praise, 220
 Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
 To slight frugality assure thine heart
 That danger's near. This perishable coin
 Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty;
 It fetters misers, but it must alone 225
 Enfranchise thee. The world, the cit-like world,
 Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
 Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
 See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.
 Economy! thou good old aunt! whose mien,
 Furrow'd with age and care, the wise adore,
 The wits condemn! reserving still thy stores
 To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit
 Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
 Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside? 235
 And shunning all, who by thy favours crown'd
 Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind,
 Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?
 Why with the old, infirm, and impotent,

And childless, love to dwell, yet leave the breast
 Of youth unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd! 241
 Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
 Were doubly kind; for, sure, to youthful eyes,
 (How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
 Appears protracted; fair on either side 245
 The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
 Profusely smiling: well might youth essay
 The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
 Source of their favour all the live-long day,
 But Fate assents not. Age alone contracts 250
 His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
 Of all his peace, the glitt'ring seeds of care!

O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
 Of gen'rous youth! for youth deserves her song.
 Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then 255
 Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,
 It barely vegetates; nor long the space
 Ere, robb'd of warmth, its arid trunk display
 Fell Winter's total reign. O lovely source
 Of gen'rous foibles, youth! when op'ning minds
 Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
 As fost'ring breezes kind, as linnets gay,
 Tender as buds, and lavish as the spring!
 Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth
 Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind. 265

Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
 The social bias. Life's extensive page,
 What does but unfold repeated proofs
 Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
 Sick'ning beneath its ray, enervate some, 270
 And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
 A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems:
 With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moist'ning the
 shroud,
 Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
 Of short duration, soon in Fortune's beams 275
 Alert, and wond'ring at the tears they shed.

But who shall save, by tame prosaic strain,
 That glowing breast where wit with youth con-
 To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse [spires
 Shall yet proceed, tho' by the faintest gleam
 Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves. 281

P A R T T H E S E C O N D.

IN some dark season, when the misty show'r
 Obscures the sun, and saddens all the sky,
 When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
 Invites thee forth to sport thy drooping Muse,
 Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign 5
 To worldly prudence. She, nor nice nor coy,
 Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
 She smiles well-pleas'd when wit and mirth recede,
 And not a Grace and not a Muse will hear.
 Then from majestic Maro's awful strain, 10
 Or tow'ring Homer, let thine eye descend
 To trace, with patient industry, the page
 Of income and expense: and, oh! beware
 Thy breast, self-flatt'ring; place no courtly smile,
 No golden promise of your faithless Muse, 15
 Nor latent mine which Fortune's hand may shew,
 Amid thy solid store: the Siren's song
 Wrecks not the list'ning sailor half so sure.
 See by what avenues, what devious paths
 The foot of Want, drested, steals along. 20
 And bars each fatal pass! Some few short hours
 Of punctual care, the refuse of thy year,
 On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
 To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.
 But if too soon before the tepid gales 25
 Thy resolution melt, and ardent vows,
 In wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,
 Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies,
 Then, ere surprise, by whose impetuous rage

The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast 30
I not compare is won, the song proceeds.

Know, too, by Nature's undiminish'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all,
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law 35
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone,
In each idea it imbibes is found

The kind propensity; and when they meet
And grow familiar, various tho' their tribe, 40
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith;
That should the world's disjointed frame once
more

To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd, 45
Should each idea recollect its friend.

Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety and defy the storm.
Let soft Profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with Poverty; nor here desist, 50
Till o'er the group that forms their various train
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward shew in lasting leagues combine
With shame thread-bare; the gay vermilion face
Of rash Intemp'rance be discreetly pair'd 55

With fallow Hunger; the licentious joy
With mean dependence; ev'n the dear delight
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breast, sagacious Prudence! shall connect
With filth and beggary, nor disdain to link 60
With black Insolvency. Thy soul, alarm'd,
Shall shun the Siren's voice, nor boldly dare
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd. 64

Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grov'ling minds!
I frame the song for you; for you the Muse

Could other rules impart. The friendly strain,
 For gentler bosoms plann'd, to yours would prove
 The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
 Whatever Colchos bore, and in your breast 70
 Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy.

It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores
 Increase apace by periodic days
 Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
 The lean reward of gross unbounded praise! 75
 It much avails to seize the present hour,
 And, undeliberating, call around
 Thy hungry creditors? their horrid rage
 When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
 Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise, 80
 As gold improv'd by many a fierce essay.
 'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
 His narrow stream, if o'er its wonted banks,
 By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;
 His timely hand thro' better tracks conveys 85
 The quick-decreasing tide, ere borne along
 Or thro' the wild morafs, or cultur'd field,
 Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
 It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
 But happiest he who sanctifies expense 90
 By present pay; who subjects not his fame
 To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
 His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
 Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!
 There haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars 95
 Beyond this earthly sphere, in heav'n's abodes,
 And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
 Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
 The punctual record, till nor Phœbus' self,
 Nor sage Minerva's art can aught avail 100
 To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage:
 Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
 He loads the gentle Muse, then hurls thee down
 To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.

Each public place, the glitt'ring haunts of men,
 With horror fly. Why loiter near thy bane?— 106
 Why fondly linger on a hostile shore
 Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
 The precipice? or why, alas! to breathe
 A moment's space where ev'ry breeze is death?
 Death to thy future peace! Away, collect
 Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
 Of wild ideas, o'er the flow'ry fields
 Of shew diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
 Economy presents her glass, accept 115
 The faithful mirror, pow'rful to disclose
 A thousand forms unseen by careless eyes,
 That plot thy fate. Temptation in a robe
 Of Tyrian dye, with ev'ry sweet perfum'd,
 Besets thy sense; Extortion follows close 120
 Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.
 These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
 Embody to thy view; like Venus kind,
 When to her lab'ring son the 'vengeful pow'rs
 That urg'd the fall of Illium she display'd: 125
 He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
 Th' unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
 The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
 For here to drain thy swelling purse await
 A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend: 130
 "The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff
 boxes,
 The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
 With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
 Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
 Leave not a doit behind," Ere yet exhaust 135
 Its slimy folds offend thy pensive eye,
 Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
 Nor seen nor seeing, thou may'st vent thy scorn
 Of lace, embroid'ry, purple gems, and gold!
 There of the farded sop and essenc'd beau, 140
 Ferocious, with a Stoic's frown disclose

Thy manly scorn, averſe to tinfel pomp,
 And fluent thine harangue. But can thy ſoul
 Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dreſs,
 Where dreſs is merit! where thy graver friend 145
 Shall with thee burniſh'd! where the ſprightly fair
 Demand embeſhment! ev'n Delia's eye,
 As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
 Inquirent, curious? Fly the curs'd domain;
 Theſe are the realms of luxury and ſhew, 150
 No claſſic ſoil; away! the bloomy ſpring
 Attracts thee hence; the waning autumn warns;
 Fly to thy native ſhadow, and dread, ev'n there,
 Left buſy fancy tempt thy narrow ſtate
 Beyond its bounds. Obſerve Florello's mien: 155
 Why treads my friend with melancholy ſtep
 That beauteous lawn? why, penſive, ſtrays his eye
 O'er ſtatues, grottoes, urns, by critic art
 Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome, 159
 Bright glitt'ring thro' the grove, returns his eye
 Unpleas'd, diſconſolate? And is it love;
 Diſaſtrous love, that robs the finiſh'd ſcenes
 Of all their beauty? cent'ring all in her
 His ſoul adores? or from a blacker cauſe 164
 Springs this remorseful gloom? Is conſcious guilt
 The latent ſource of more than love's deſpair?
 It cannot be within that poliſh'd breaſt,
 Where ſcience dwells, that guilt ſhould harbour
 No; 'tis the ſad ſurvey of preſent want [there.
 And paſt profuſion! loſt to him the ſweets 170
 Of yon' pavilion, fraught with ev'ry charm
 For other eyes; or if remaining, proofs
 Of criminal expenſe! Sweet interchange
 Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
 How gladſome once he rang'd your native turf, 175
 Your ſimple ſcenes, how captur'd! ere Expence
 Had lavish'd thouſand ornaments, and taught
 Convenience to perplex him, Art to pall,
 Pomp to deject, and Beauty to diſpleaſe!

Oh ! for a soul to all the glare of wealth, 180
 To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
 Nobly superior ! but let Caution guide
 The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
 And Prudence be our almoner. Alas !
 The pilgrim wand'ring o'er some distant clime, 185
 Sworn foe of avarice ! not disdains to learn
 Its coin's imputed worth, the destin'd means
 To smoothe his passage to the favour'd shrine.
 Ah ! let not us, who tread this stranger world,
 Let none who sojourn on the realms of life, 190
 Forget the land is merc'rary, nor waste
 His fare ere landed on no venal store.

Let never bard consult Palladio's rules ;
 Let never bard, O Burlington ! survey 194
 Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd ;
 Dang'rous incentive ! nor with ling'ring eye
 Survey the window Venice calls her own.
 Better for him with no ingrateful Muse
 To sing a requiem to that gentle soul 199
 Who plann'd the skylight, which to lavish bards
 Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray ;
 For garrets him, and squalid walls, await,
 Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain
 He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

P A R T T H E T H I R D.

YET once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere Con-
tempt,

Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!
The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his 5
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.

When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The plaything of Comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their ærial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal, 10
'Mid these one subtler artist he descry'd,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarch on such fatal purpose smile, 15
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons,
The Melksham weavers! Here in ev'ry nook
Their webs they spun, here revell'd uncontroll'd,
And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their flutt'ring textures wav'd. 20
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!

Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand, broom never comes,
That comes to all, o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn 25
Curtains subfusc, and save th' expense of art.

Survey those walls, in sady texture clad,
Where wand'ring snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journies crawl;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths 30
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!

Mean-time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines, 35
Perchance of tabby or of harrateen,
Not ill expressive; such the pow'r of snails!
Behold his chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
And aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliag'd velvet, pleasing to the eye 40
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudulent couch! for tho' in velvet cas'd, 45
The fated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shap'd his way, on beds profuse of flow'rs,
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circ'lar eye
Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine. 50
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah! much deceiv'd,
Much suff'ring pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap
Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morals 55
In quiv'ring undulations yields beneath
Thy burden, in the miry gulf enclos'd!
And who would trust appearance? cast thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat, 60
Eldest of things! and nameless, as an heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not diss'rent have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd a coffin; on each sable side
The texture unmolested seems entire; 65
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away,
And leaves the wond'ring swain to gape, to stare,
And with expressive shrug and piteous sigh
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality. 70
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux

And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)
 Both on its sleeve and on its skirt retains
 Full many a pin wide-sparkling: for if e'er
 Their well-known crest met his delighted eye, 75
 Tho' wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
 He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
 And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
 Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
 The cure of rents and separations dire, 80
 And chafins enormous, did he view dismay'd
 Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
 To breeches, coat, and hose! had any wight
 Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;
 But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint 85
 Of Silvia's shoe-string, or of Chloe's fan,
 Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
 Alas! by frequent use decays the force
 Of mortal art! the refractory robe
 Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own; 90
 How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!

See near his bed (his bed, too falsely call'd
 The Place of Rest, while it a bard sustains,
 Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
 Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick, 95
 Radiant machine! when from the plastic hand
 Of Mulciber, the may'r of Birmingham,
 The engine issu'd; now, alas! disguis'd
 By many an unctuous tide, that wand'ring down
 Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays, 100
 With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
 Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
 When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
 In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree;
 Or suits him more the winter's candy'd thorn, 105
 When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
 Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?

How shall I sing the various ill that waits
 The careful sonneteer? or who can paint

The shifts enormous that in vain he forms 110
 To patch his paneless window; to cement
 His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase!
 To war with ruin? anxious to conceal
 Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
 Nor foe nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen 115
 Invades his chattels; Ruin will invade,
 Will claim his whole invention to repair,
 Nor of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
 Allow one part to decorate his song;
 While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand, 120
 Conscious of ev'ry shift, of ev'ry shift
 Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
 Points to the nook, which he his Study calls,
 Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
 His chest a wardrobe, purse a treasury; 125
 And shews, to crown her full display, himself;
 One whom the pow'rs above, in place of health
 And wonted vigour, of paternal cot
 Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
 Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil, 130
 A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
 And wish the cobbler's loftiest site his own;
 Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,
 Who to the humbler mechanism join'd
 Goods so superior, such exalted bliss! 135
 See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
 He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
 His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
 That care-defying sonnet which implies
 His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown 140
 In full possession, uncontested right
 And property! Yet, ah! whoe'er this wight
 Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
 The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,
 As lurks the serpent deep in flow'rs enwreath'd.
 Forewarn'd, be frugal, or with prudent rage 146

Thy pen demolish ; chuse the trustier flail,
 And blest those labours which the choice inspir'd.
 But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
 Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name, 150
 Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
 Prescient of future dignities, salute
 Sheriff, or may'r, in comfortable furs
 Enwrapt, secure ; nor yet the laureat's crown
 In thought exclude him ! he perchance shall rise 155
 To nobler heights than foresight can decree.

When fir'd with wrath for his intrigues display'd
 In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
 Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race, 159
 Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus ; " Bards," he said,
 " Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
 But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
 Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
 Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine. 164

THE RUIN'D ABBEY:

OR, THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

AT length fair Peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.

Happy the bard who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys 5
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd,
Or o'er the glassy surface with his friend,
Or faithful Fair, thro' bord'ring willows green
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts
Or taunts, the rhet'ric of the wat'ry crew, 10
That ape confusion from the realms they rule;
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice.
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest, birds of brighter plume 15
With busy pinion skim the glitt'ring wave,
And tempt the sun, ambitious to display
Their several merit, while the vocal flute
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene. 20

If solitude his wand'ring steps invite
To some more deep recess, (for hours there are
When gay, when social, minds to Friendship's voice
Or Beauty's charm her wild abodes prefer)
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades, 25
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it soothes the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals 30

Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,
 Yet Virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires :
 Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,
 Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
 And serious truths of mightier weight than gold ! 35

I ask not wealth ; but let me hoard with care,
 With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
 A few fix'd principles, in early life,
 Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd ;
 Then like old Latimer, when age impairs 40
 My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
 My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
 Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
 And this mine answer ; " Thus, 'twas thus I thought,
 My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire ; 45
 Thus will I think, averse to listen more
 To intricate discussion, prone to stray.

Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
 My settled faith ; my mind, with age impair'd,
 Too sure its own infirmities declare. 50
 But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
 And early foresight : now the wind may rise,
 The tempest whistle, and the billows roar ;
 My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
 Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns 55
 Th' unequal conflict, and declines the deep,
 Sees the strong vessel fluctuate, less secure."

Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
 Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
 And see betwixt the grove's extended arms 60
 An Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
 Gilt by the mid-day sun : with ling'ring step
 Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
 Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
 Too long deliberate) with tim'rous hand 65
 Remove th' obstructive bough ; nor yet refuse,
 Tho sighing, to destroy that fav'rite pine,

Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
 Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
 Aggriev'd, but constant as the Roman fire, 70
 The rigid Manlius, when his conqu'ring son
 Bled by a parent's voice, the cruel meed
 Of virtuous ardour timelessly display'd;
 Nor cease till, thro' the gloomy road, the pile
 Gleam unobstructed: thither oft' thine eye 75
 Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, sooth
 With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.

These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
 O Superstition! hence the dire disease
 (Balance'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest 80
 Were a short headach, were the trivial pain
 Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.

Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
 Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
 Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she, 85
 Rome's abler legate, magnify'd their pow'r,
 And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd,

Where then was truth to sanctify the page
 Of British annals? if a foe expir'd,
 The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks 90
 And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
 With hellish emulation: if a friend,
 High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
 Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.

What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted
 faith? 95

The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
 To cherish mutual good annull'd and vain,
 By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
 Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.

With thee, Plantagenet *! from civil broils 100
 The land a while respir'd, and all was peace,
 Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,

From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
 The church's blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave,
 Bid murd'rous priests the sov'reign frown contemn,
 And with unhallow'd crozier bruise'd the crown. 106

Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
 Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
 Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul,
 Firm and erect, the peevish priest exil'd, 110
 And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.

In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
 The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
 And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
 Rein the proud palfrey while the priest ascends! 115

Was Cœur-de-Lion * blest'd with whiter days?
 Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
 Urg'd the crusade; and see! of half his stores
 Despoil'd the wretch whose wiser bosom chose
 To bless his friends, his race, his native land. 120

Of ten fair suns that roll'd their annual race,
 Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
 While haughty Longchamp †, mid his livery'd files
 Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
 Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide 125
 A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.

Oh! dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts
 His drooping realm to pluck the barren sprays!

When faithless John usurp'd the fully'd crown,
 What ample tyranny! the groaning land 130
 Deem'd earth, deem'd heav'n, its foe! Six tedious
 Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd [years
 The papal interdict; and who obey'd
 The sov'reign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
 When the French tyrant, by the futile grant 135
 Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,

* Richard I.

† Bishop of Ely, Lord Chancellor.

And durst invade : be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain !

Scarce had the tortur'd ear, dejected, heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead 140
To ev'ry purpose, men nor wish'd to live
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain ;
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees 145
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
He reads damnation ; sees its sable train
Of grim attendants pencil'd by Despair !

The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arriv'd, his home, his friends, 150
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep, sickens at the sight
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.

The wretch, whose hope by stern oppression chas'd
From ev'ry earthly bliss, still as it saw 156
Triumphant wrong, took wing and flew to heav'n,
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To supplicate remission, smok'd no more ; 161
While the green weed, luxuriant round uprose.
Some from their deathbed, whose delirious faith
Thro' ev'ry stage of life to Rome's decrees
Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace, 165
Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrors ; now expiring heard
The last loud clarion sound, and Heav'n's decree
With unremitting vengeance barr the skies
Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd, 170
That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field,

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Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd, 170
That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Must sleep with brutes, their vassals, on the field,

Unneath some path, in marle unexorcis'd!
 No solemn bell extorts a neighbour's tear! 175
 No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure,
 Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest, alas! so boundless was the ill!
 He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn;
 The vivid vermeil fled his tady cheek, 180
 And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
 Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath
 Superior pride and mightier lust of pow'r!
 'Twas now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre
 hand

Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads 185
 With nice precision, felt the deeper wound,
 As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.

Whom did the ruin spare! for wealth, for pow'r,
 Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
 Sunk helpless, in the dreary gulf involv'd, 190
 And one capricious curse envelop'd all!

Were kings secure? in tow'ring stations born,
 In flatt'ry nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
 Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
 As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow 195
 Of some proud cliff surveys his less'ning flock
 In snowy groups diffusive send the vale.

A while the furious menace John return'd,
 And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
 Allegiance sick'ning, saw his sov'reign yield 200
 An angry prey to scruples not his own.
 The loyal foldier, girt around with strength,
 Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
 And seiz'd the fauchion, resolute to guard
 His sovereign's right, impalsy'd at the news, 205
 Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
 For soul desertion, drops the lifted steel,
 And quits Fame's noble harvest, to expire
 The death of monks, of surfeit and of sloth!

At length, fatigu'd with wrongs, the servile king
 Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores 211
 To buy remission. But could these obtain!
 No! resolute in wrongs the priest obdur'd,
 Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave,
 His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave. 215
 Mean monarch! flighted, brav'd, abhorr'd, before!

And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,
 The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
 His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
 Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd 220
 To buy deceit: admit obsequious tribes
 Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
 Of fainted villainy! the pompous tomb
 Dazzling with gems and gold, or in a cloud
 Of incense wreath'd, amidst a drooping land 225
 That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
 Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flow'r,
 And sheds its odours, while the flocks around
 Hungry and faint, the barren sands explore
 In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil, 230
 Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
 And furnish luxury—Yet, yet in vain
 Britannia strove! and whither artful Rome
 Caress'd or curs'd her, Superstition rag'd,
 And blinded, fetter'd, and dispoil'd, the land. 235

At length some murd'rous monk, with pois'nous
 art,
 Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.

For yet sureas'd with John's disastrous fate
 Pontific fury English wealth exhaust,
 The sequent reign* beheld the beggar'd shore 240
 Grim with Italian usurers, prepar'd
 To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
 To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontroll'd,

* Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

For now with more extensive havoc rag'd
 Relentless Greg'ry, with a thousand arts, 344
 And each repacious, born to drain the world!
 Nor shall the Muse repeat how oft' he blew
 The croise's trumpet; then for fums of gold
 Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
 Swell the gross hoards of Henry or his own: 250
 Nor shall she tell how pontiffs dar'd repeal
 The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
 If British kings, by legal oath restrain'd:
 Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold 254
 From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
 Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
 Oh, irksome days! when wicked thrones combine
 With papal craft to gull their native land!

Such was our fate while Rome's director, taught
 Of subjects born to be their monarch's prey, 260
 To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
 For vacant gluttony; extortion, fraud,
 For av'rice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame?
 O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
 From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign! 265
 Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
 To wield the peaceful sword, by John erewhile
 Forc'd from its scabbard, and with burnish'd lance
 Essay the savage cure, domestic war!

And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist 270
 Of gen'ral darkness. Gosted* now adorn'd
 The mitred wreath he wore, with Reason's sword
 Stagg'ring Delusion's frauds; at length beneath
 Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
 No vulgar soul, that dar'd to Heav'n appeal! 275
 But, ah! this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
 Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
 Of monks libidinous, ere Edward's care
 The lavish hand of deathbed Fear restrain'd.
 Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint? 280

* Bishop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
 Ev'n he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
 To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!

Yes, the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway
 So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause, 285
 Could Superstition quell! before the tow'rs
 Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
 He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!

But still the Night, by Romish art diffus'd, 289
 Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes;
 When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
 Bold Wickliff rose: and while the bigot pow'r
 Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
 The demon vanish'd as he spread the day,
 So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old 295
 The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
 Secure, a while his recreant life sustain'd,
 Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
 Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.

Hail honour'd Wickliff! enterprising age! 300
 An Epicurus in the cause of truth!

For tis' not radiant suns, the jovial hours
 Of youthful spring, an ether all serene,
 Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
 Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
 The light, the radiance, that pervades the soul,
 And sheds its beams on heav'n's mysterious way!
 As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
 Error prevail'd; while kings, by force uprais'd,
 Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes, 310

And seek affection by the dreadful boon
 Of licens'd murder. Ev'n the kindest prince,
 The most extended breast, the royal Hall!
 All unrelenting herd the Lollards' cry
 Burst from the centre of remorseless flames; 315
 Their shrieks endur'd! O stain to martial praise!
 When Cobham, gen'rous as the noble peer

That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid !

'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
Thy pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, invest her worthier sons !
Her verdant vallies and her fertile plains !
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway ! 325

Effay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All Nature's beauties in one form display'd, 330
And centring there, in wild amaze he stood ;
Then only envying Heaven's creative hand,
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled ev'ry snare.

And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till pow'r accede : till Tudor's wild caprice 336
Smile on their cause ; Tudor ! whose tyrant reign
With men tal freedom crown'd, the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own !
Then Wolfey rose, by nature form'd to seek 340
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.

Then from its tow'ring height with horrid sound
Rush'd the proud Abbey : then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity ! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, mutt'ring low
An ineffectual curse. The previous nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest 350
To play some image on the gaping crowd
Imbibe the novel day-light, and expose,
Obvious, the fraudful engin'ry of Rome.
As tho' this op'ning earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race 355

Shudder, abash'd to find their cheats display'd,
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.

Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic, whose revengeful stroke 360
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign,
When from the tend'rest breast each wayward priest
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!
When Cruelty the fun'ral pyre uprear'd,
And bound Religion there, and fir'd the base! 365
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in ev'ry face
Triumphant faith appear'd, and smiling hope,
O blest'd Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driv'n to the verge of Albion, linger'd there, 371
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
Henceforth they ply'd the long continued task
Of righteous havoc, cov'ring distant fields 375
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile,
While thro' the land the musing pilgrim sees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mould'ring wall, with ivy crown'd,
Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days! 380
Now but of use to grace a rural scene,
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times! 385

LOVE AND HONOUR

Sed neque Medorum silvæ, ditissima terra
Nec pulchër Granges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenum certent; non Bactra, nec
Totaque turris Panchaia pinguis arenis. [Indi,

IMITATION.

Yet let not Median woods (abundant tract!)
Nor Ganges* fair, nor Hæmus†, miser-like,
Proud of his hoarded gold, presume to vye [Bactrat,
With Britain's boast and praise; nor Persian
Nor India's coasts, nor all Panchaia's‡ sands,
Rich, and exulting in their lofty towers.

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron and her orange groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile
The Briton labours, yet our native minds, 5
Our constant bosoms, these the dazzled world
May view with envy; these Iberian dames
Survey with fix'd esteem and fond desire.

Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn 10
The British lyre; then chiefly if the Muse,
Nor vain nor partial, from the simple guise

* Ganges—the greatest river which divides the
Indies in two parts.

† Hæmus—an high mountain, dividing Thrace
and Thessaly.

‡ Bactra—the Bactrians, provincials of Persia.

§ Panchaia—a country of Arabia Felix, fruitful
in frankincense and various spices; remarkable
also for its many towers and lofty buildings.

Of ancient record catch the pensive lay,
 And in less grov'ling accents give to fame.
 Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm 15
 Could boast no purer breast, to sprightlier mind,
 No race more splendid, and no form so fair.
 Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid,
 In life's luxuriant bloom, enrich'd the spoil
 Of British victors, vict'ry's noblest pride! 20
 She, she alone, amid the vailful train
 Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care,
 Lord of her life, her fortune and her fame!

He, gen'rous youth! with no penurious hand
 The tedious moments that unjoyous roll 25
 Where Freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more
 Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
 That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
 In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd
 Far from the haunts of men or eye of day! 30

Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
 Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
 Himself had worn! the frowns of angry seas,
 Or hostile rage, or faithless friend, more fell
 Than storm or foe; if haply she might find 35
 Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay!
 Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe,
 The tender lute he gave; she, not averse,
 Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
 Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt 40
 Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
 Still might her hand with equal pride obey!

Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
 Her vocal art; harmonious as the strain
 Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd 45
 By guardian cares, repays them with a song,
 Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.

The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
 Disastrous passion; how, by tyrant laws
 Of idiot custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair 50

Lov'd only one, nor dar'd that love reveal!
 How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
 The damask rose full-blown; a fever came,
 And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale;
 Then, swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid
 But vainly sought her, torn by swifter fate
 To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
 Love's mournful victims on the plains below.

Sometimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,
 She taught her artful needle to display
 The various pride of spring; then swift upsprung,
 Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
 There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
 A train of busy Loves; some pluck the flow'r,
 Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
 Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
 'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
 The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.

Now had the gen'rous chief with joy perus'd
 The royal scroll, which to their native home,
 Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
 Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
 To glad his fair Elvira's ear he sprung,
 Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
 But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
 His fond distress, when o'er her palled face
 Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
 Down dropt the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flow'r!
 Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint
 "Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
 Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
 Of thine forgetful, flow'rs shall cease to feel
 The soft'ring breeze, and Nature change her laws!
 And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
 The British host. Around the smiling youths,
 Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
 Their fleet unmoor, impatient of the love
 That weds each bosom to its native soil.

The patriot passion! strong in ev'ry clime,
 How justly theirs who find no foreign sweets 90
 To dissipate their loves or match their own.
 Not so Elvira! she, disastrous maid!
 Was doubly captive! pow'r nor chance could loose
 The subtle bands; she lov'd her gen'rous foe:
 She, where her Hen'ry dwelt, her Hen'ry smil'd, 95
 Could term her native shore; her native shore
 By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
 Strange, bleak, forlorn, a desert waste and wild.
 The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
 The swelling sails, the glitt'ring transports way'd
 Their pennants gay, and halcyons' azure wing,
 With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.
 On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
 And chid th' officious wind, the tempting sea,
 And wish'd a storm as merciless as tore 105
 Her lab'ring bosom. Fondly now she strove
 To banish passion; now the vassal days,
 The captive moments, that so smoothly past,
 By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
 With trembling fingers call'd the fav'rite sounds 110
 Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd,
 With mimic chains of silken fillets wove,
 To paint her captive state; if any fraud
 Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
 And with the dear idea feast the soul. 115
 But now the chief return'd, prepar'd to launch
 On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
 To his fair pris'ner. She, soon as she heard
 His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
 The raging flame, but with a spreading blush 120
 And rising sigh the latent pang disclos'd.
 "Yes, gen'rous youth! I see thy bosom glow
 With virtuous transport, that the task is thine
 To solve my chains, and to my weeping friends,
 And ev'ry longing relative, restore 125
 A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!

But know, my Soldier ! never youthful mind,
 Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense
 By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound 129
 To languish out his bloom, could match the pains
 This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.

“What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,
 From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
 From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
 That sacred blessing some superior pow'r 135
 To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
 Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul:
 Ev'n that I loathe; all liberty I loathe!
 But most the joyless privilege to gaze
 With cold indiff'rence where desert is love. 140

“ True, I was born an alien to those eyes
 I ask alone to please, my fortune's crime!
 And, ah! this flatter'd form, by dress endear'd
 To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
 Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive 145
 With custom's load beneath its weight expire.

“ Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
 To vanquish me; his form, howe'er disguis'd,
 To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
 That e'er Caprice invented, Custom wore, 150
 Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.

“ Perhaps by birth decreed, by Fortune plac'd
 Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
 Seems but the subtler accent fraud inspires:
 My tend'rest glances but the specious flow'rs, 155
 That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
 And can the trembling candidate of love
 Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
 By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
 Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile 160
 For Love to wear, to dark Deceit unknown?
 Heav'n search my soul! and if thro' all its cells
 Lurk the pernicious drop of pois'nous guile,
 Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath

May Fate exhaust, and for my happiest hour 165
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee !

“ Ah me ! nor Henry’s nor his country’s foe,
On thee I gaz’d, and Reason soon dispell’d
Dim Error’s gloom, and to thy favour’d isle
Assign’d his total merit, unrestrain’d. 170

Oh ! lovely region to the candid eye !
’Twas there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces, play, and bless’d the soil
That nurtur’d thee ! for sure the Virtues form’d
Thy gen’rous breast, the Loves, the Graces,
plann’d 175

Thy shapely limbs. Relation, birth, essay
Their partial pow’r in vain ; again I gaz’d,
And Albion’s isle appear’d amidst a tract
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies ! 179
And thou by Nature form’d, by Fate assign’d,
To paint the genius of thy native shore. [scene

“ ’Tis true, with flow’rs, with many a dazzling
Of burnish’d plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows ; but, ah ! the genial sun
That gilds the lemon’s fruit, or scents the flow’r,
On Spanish minds, a nation’s nobler boast ! 186
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits Jealousy enthron’d, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.

Not such thy charming region ; long before 190
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas’d mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth ? the worth which forms
The kindest friends ; the most tremendous foes :
First, best supports of liberty and love ! 196

No, let subjected India, while she throws
O’er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias’d partial breast 200
Wish’d them success ; and happiest she, I cry’d,

Of women happiest she, who share the love,
 The same, the virtues, of an English lord.
 And now what shall I say? Bless'd be the hour
 Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shores:
 Bless'd, did I say, the time? if I may bless 206
 That lov'd event, let Henry's smile declare.
 Our hearts and cities won, will Henry's youth
 Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
 The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil? 210
 And yet Iberia's sons, with ev'ry vow

Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
 Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
 And love her just desert, who sues for love,
 But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain. 215

" Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
 Dissent from his) it spreads an hateful stain
 On honest Fame amid his train to bear
 A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
 Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains 220
 That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
 From honour's laws. Elvira once deny'd
 A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies
 When elements discordant vex the sky, 224
 Shall, blushing, from the form she loves retire.

" Yet if the specious with the vulgar voice
 Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
 In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
 Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms 229
 Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless
 deep,

And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
 When Mem'ry to the pensive maid suggests
 In full contract the safe domestic scene
 For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
 Of conqu'ring heroes brave, the female mind, 235
 When steel'd by love, in Love's most horrid way
 Beholds not danger, or, beholding, scorns.
 Heav'n take my life, but let it crown my love!"

She ceas'd, and ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient, watch'd the language of his eye: 240
There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.

"Forgive me, gen'rous maid!" the youth re-
turn'd,

"If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain! 245
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow:

But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave, 250

To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour

The glitt'ring treasure; and the laurel wreath,
Enjoying conquest then, and fame and spoil: 255

If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade

The blissful union, with my latest breath

To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.

This ardent vow deep-rooted, from my soul

No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd 260

To conquer danger, and the spoil enjoy.

Her shall I leave, with fair events elate, [love?

Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her

Her shall I leave, who now, perchance, alone

Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?

And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails 255

Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey

Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?

No! may the deep my villain corse devour,

If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal, 270

If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,

If thine, Elvira, thine uniting all!

Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast

Demand what honour, faith, and love, denies."

" Oh! happy she," rejoin'd the pensive maid, 275
 " Who shares thy fame, thy virtue and thy love!
 And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
 Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
 Farewell my luckless hopes! my flatt'ring dreams
 Of rapt'rous days! my guilty suit, farewell! 280
 Yet fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
 That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
 Of Censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames;
 They love with caution, and with happier stars.
 And, oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts 285
 Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
 By merit rais'd, by gratitude approv'd,
 By hope confirm'd, with artless truth reveal'd,
 Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid 289
 Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.

" These radiant gems, which burnish Happiness,
 But mock Misfortune, to thy fav'rite's hand
 With care convey; and well may such adorn
 Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
 The source of ev'ry transport, but disgrace 295
 My pensive breast, which, doom'd to lasting woe,
 In thee the source of ev'ry bliss resign. [gem

" And now, farewell, thou darling youth! the
 Of English merit! Peace, content, and joy,
 And tender hopes, and young desires, farewell?
 Attend, ye smiling Train! this gallant mind 301
 Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
 His ev'ning pillow, dance around his groves,
 And where he treads with v'lets paint his way:
 But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more 305
 Your frail companion! in the sacred cells
 Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame?
 There to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
 My constant orisons. The wanton Loves 309
 And gay Desires shall spy the glimm'ring tow'rs,
 And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
 That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude

Her shortest pray'r ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."

Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind,
Impartial, scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs, dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Giv'n and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave 320
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, weary'd Heav'n with pray'rs
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.

He ceas'd, and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way. 325

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus en ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.

IMITATION.

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the-entrance thrill, and wound the
tender ear.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the Author's imitation on this occasion are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

I.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise,
Deeds of ill fort, and mischievous emprise; 5
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
'To found the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft' have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

II.

In ev'ry village mark'd with little spire, 10
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;

They griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent, 15
 Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
 And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are solely shent.

III.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
 Which Learning near her little dome did stowe, 20
 Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
 Tho' now so wide its waving-branches flow,
 And work the simple vassals mickle woe:
 For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
 But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low, 25
 And as they look'd they found their horror grew,
 And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

IV.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
 SA lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd,
 Oo doth it wanton birds of peace bereave 30
 T'f sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
 hey start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
 Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
 May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
 Ne superstition clog his dance of joy, 35
 Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

V.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
 On which the tribe their gambols do display,
 And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
 Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray, 40
 Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
 The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
 Do Learning's little tenement betray,
 Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
 And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel a-
 round.

VI.

Her cap, far witer than the driven snowe, 46
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field;
 And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield 50
 Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

VII.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train, 56
 Libs Notus, Auster *: these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell, 60
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
 Where comely Peace of Mind, and decent Order dwell.

VIII.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air; 65
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
 Thro' pious awe did term it passing rare, 70
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
 on ground.

IX.

Albeit ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth,
 No pompous title did debauch her ear,

* The southwest wind, south, &c. &c.

Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth, 75
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
 Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear;
 Ne would esteem him act as might behove
 Who should not honour'd eld with these revere;
 For never title yet so mean could prove, 80
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

X.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
 Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came, 85
 Such favour did her past deportment claim;
 And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same,
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound, 89
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
 found.

XI.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,
 That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew,
 Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
 But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
 Of gray renown, within those borders grew; 95
 The tufted basil, pun provoking thyme,
 Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
 The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
 And more I fain would sing, disdain'ing here to
 rhyme.

XII.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung, 100
 That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
 And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
 And plaintain ribb'd; that heals the reaper's wound,
 And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's polie found,
 And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom 105
 Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,

To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
perfume.

XIII.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer 110
Ere, driv'n from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.
Oh wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere ; 115
Simplicity then fought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
dwell.

XIV.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete ;
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave, 120
But in her garden found a summer-seat :
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nounce untuning ev'ry string, 125
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to
sing.

XV.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And in those elfins' ears would oft' deplore 129
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smould'ring flames did burn ;
Ah ! dearest Lord ! forefend thine days should e'er
return.

XVI.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem, 136
 By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sov'ring prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,
 The matron fate, and some with rank she grac'd, 140
 (The source of children's and of courtier's pride!)
 Redrefs'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

XVII.

Right well she knew each temper to descry, 145
 To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise,
 Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise,
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
 Ev'n absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold, 150
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
 Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

XVIII.

Lo now with state she utters the command !
 Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair, 155
 Their books, of stature small, they take in hand,
 Which with pellucid horn secured are,
 To save from finger wet the letters fair ;
 The work so gay, that on their back is seen
 St. George's high atchievements does declare, 160
 On which thilk wight that has y gazing been
 Kens the forthcoming rod, unpleasing sight, I
 ween !

XIX.

Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write !

As erst the bard * by Mulla's silver stream, 165
 Oft' as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
 And down they drop, appears his dainty skin, 170
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin.

XX.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
 His little sister doth his peril see;
 All playful as she fate she grows demure,
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee; 175
 She meditates a pray'r to set him free:
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny,
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
 To her sad grief that swells in either eye, 179
 And wrings her so that all for pity she could die

XXI.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
 And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
 To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
 To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
 On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear! 185
 (Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
 She sees no kind domestic visage near,
 And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
 And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

XXII.

But, ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace? 190
 On what device his loud laments explain?
 The form uncouth of his disguised face?
 The pallid hue that dyes his looks again?
 The plenteous show'r that does his cheek distain?

When he in abject wise implores the dame, 195
 Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain,
 Or when from high she levels well her aim,
 And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke
 proclaim.

XXIII.

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay
 Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care; 200
 By turns, astoni'd, ev'ry twig survey,
 And from their fellows' hateful wounds beware,
 Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
 Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
 And to the well-known chest the dame repair, 205
 Whence oft' with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
 And gingerbread y-rare, now, certes, doubly sweet!

XXIV.

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
 And in befeemly order sitten there,
 All but the wight of bum y-galled, he 210
 Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,
 (This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair)
 And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
 Convulsions intermitting! does declare
 His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest, 215
 And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be ca-
 ress'd.

XXV.

His face besprent, with liquid crystal shines,
 His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
 Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
 All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r. 220
 O the hard bosoms of despotic Pow'r!
 All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
 All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour;
 Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r shall
 claim,
 If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame. 225

XXVI.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
 Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines,
 Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
 But to the wind all merriment resigns,
 And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ; 230
 And many a fullen look askaunce is sent,
 Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
 And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
 The more doth he, perverse, her 'havour past re-
 sent.

XXVII.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be ! 235
 But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
 Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see
 Ye quench not, too, the sparks of nobler fires :
 Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
 All coward arts, is valour's gen'rous heat ; 240
 The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
 Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great
 Than craft that pimps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

XXVIII.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
 Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show 245
 A little bench of heedless bishops here,
 And there a chancellour in embryo,
 Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
 As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
 Tho' now he crawl along the ground so low, 250
 Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
 Wissheth, poor starv'ling elf ! his paperkite may fly.

XXIX.

And this perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
 Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
 Shall Dennis be ! if rigid Fates incline, 255

And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
 And many a poet quit th'Aonian field;
 And, four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
 As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
 Surveys mine work, and levels many a neer, 260
 And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff
 is here?"

XXX.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
 And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
 And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
 And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er 265
 With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar;
 A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
 Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
 For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
 Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

XXXI.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade, 270
 And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flow'rs,
 For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
 For never may ye taste more careless hours
 In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs. 275
 O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
 But most in courts, where proud Ambition tow'rs;
 Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can spring
 Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

XXXII.

See in each sprite some various bent appear! 280
 These rudely carol most incondite lay;
 Those saunt'ring on the green, with jocund leer
 Salute the stranger passing on his way;
 Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
 Some to the standing lake their courses bend, 285
 With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;

'Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th'allotted mite to spend.

XXXIII.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been, 290
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full fore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen,
And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green ;
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween ; 295
O may no wight e'er pennylefs come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless
care !

XXXIV.

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside, 301
And must be bought, tho' penury betide ;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here, each season, do those cakes abide
Whose honour'd names th' inventive city own, 305
Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's prizes
known *.

XXXV.

Admir'd Salopia ! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave : 310
Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.

* Shrewsbury cakes.

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